

Past the threshold

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by Anonymous

Summary

She saw familiar features, the soft wrinkles on the corners of her eyes, the dark colour of her hair, and the mole she knew she had on the left side of her neck. Seeing something she vaguely recognized being so corrupted and uncanny, made her brain refuse to admit any familiarity. That isn't me, it claimed, despite her name still being clearly visible on the torn up suit. Despite the tiny mole on the side of her neck. The lengths a mind would go to protect fragile sense of self.

Notes

Yup, went absolutely feral trying to put this down while it was still fresh in my mind. Very heavily inspired by an unnamed scifi game, so if anything feels familiar, no it doesn't, you're just imagining things, shhhhh. Intentionally vague instead of writing a fan fic, the devs ain't finding me this time.

Not beta read, it just a horny mess.

The astronaut had a hazy look on her eyes and a silly smile on her lips. She didn't seem to notice the drool on her chin or the fact that her visor was in shambles and she was breathing in a lot of alien oxygen-adjacent gas, which was questionable at best for human consumption. This, and the huge, glowing parasite-like creature had attached its tentacles to her ear didn't seem to bother her in the least. If anything, every time the parasite moved, grossly pulsated its body and shifted its appendages inside her head, her grin grew wider and small gasps and moans escaped her.

It was no surprise that her suit was all torn up as well. One of the quadrupled aliens, also covered in similar tentacles than the parasite, was taking advantage of that weakness and was pumping its reproductive organ furiously to the astronaut's vagina, while others of its kind waited for their turn respectable distance away.

Her stomach was bloated with their seed, obviously she had been in this predicament for some time now, and her breasts had somehow grown, as well. The space suit had given up a long ago and they laid heavy on her chest and shook slightly every time an alien currently holding her hips tight thrust into her.

The another astronaut observing this couldn't recognize herself. She saw familiar features, the soft wrinkles on the corners of her eyes, the dark colour of her hair, and the mole she knew she had on the left side of her neck. Seeing something she vaguely recognized being so corrupted and uncanny, made her brain refuse to admit any familiarity. That isn't me, it claimed, despite her name still being clearly visible on the torn up suit. Despite the tiny mole on the side of her neck. The lengths a mind would go to protect fragile sense of self.

She was here, watching this, so that woman gleefully being raped by aliens couldn't possibly be her.

Yet they were. Based on the physical evidence, at some point in time they had been her, but they had reached their end here, forcing a new her to take a shot at escaping.

She remembered some of her cycles. A handful of moments before death and waking up inside her ship, but none of them came even close resembling this. She had discovered her bodies before, but beyond the killing blow and some scavengers defiling her body before the time could, there was no additional damage. Only during the last few cycles she had started finding them. These broken women, corrupted by the planet and its fauna, completely forgotten who they were and why they tried to escape in the first place.

The astronaut, the observer, placed the other one in the middle of her gun's sight. She looked her eyes, her blissed out expression when more parasites crawled out of her nipples, each one forcing out a joyous gasp out of them. That isn't me, she thought, and tightened her grip on the trigger.

In the end, she put down her gun and turned her back to her old self, whose moans filled that part of the alien forest as the aliens kept using every available part of her body. None of them bothered the astronaut as she left.

She started to find these 'husks' more and more. More than the dead bodies and that concerned her. However, due to them she was able to progress further than before, with one husk usually keeping company for most of the aliens in the area. As she currently was, she was no greater interest to them. Which led her to think, what changed? How had she changed? What threshold did the others cross and how far away was she?

She pressed on, determined this attempt would be the one.

Despite everything she had seen, despite what she knew, she couldn't fathom why she kept picking up the parasites and attaching them to her body. All the husks she had seen had been covered and almost thoroughly infested with the things, but when sighting one she still stopped, leaned down and prepared for the familiar sting when they burrowed through her suit and attached their

tentacles to her.

They make me stronger, she reasoned. They help me adapt to the environment and give me an advantage against the predators.

She passed another husk. She was alone in a remote corner, unrecognizable as the parasites were still hugging her closely. She was even further gone than the previous one, thick white ooze having dried as heavy streams from her ear to her chin, breasts saggy and empty, parasites having left the nipples open in a way the astronaut knew biologically impossible. Thick, maggot-like creatures were wriggling out of her vagina and falling to the ground with a sickening sound before burrowing deeper. To mature, the astronaut guessed. The husk had the happiest grin on her face, spreading ever so wider after each one, even if the aliens seemed to have used and broken her beyond saving many days ago.

Again, the astronaut would see these familiar giveaways and just read her name from space suit, but she still refused to see herself in that ruin of a person.

The astronaut would kill thousands of those alien creatures if that would get her away from this planet, but so far she had been unable to lay a hand on one of the husks.

Husk maybe wasn't the best name for them, but like her brain refused to recognize them as the astronaut herself, she also struggled seeing them as anything human any more. They were full of life- in a way- but they had nothing that made them... the astronaut. She had never once heard them utter a single word. Only gasping or moaning or... screaming and at first she thought they were in pain, but having witnessed enough of them, she couldn't but recognize they were enjoying themselves. They never seemed to be aware of her either, the aliens making sure she wouldn't need to notice anything else. They had no human-like mannerisms, her mannerisms, just animalistic drive to breed and to mother.

The astronaut tried not to think about her own – human- children when she passed one of them, their enlarged breasts and belly full with alien spawns seemed like a cruel parody of motherhood, mocking her even years after she had given birth.

This pushed her forward.

She had gotten really far this time. Then she had taken a bad hit to her helmet and it was leaking. She tried to remember as much of her journey, if only for the one coming after her. But before she would fall, she'd try her damnest to make it as far as possible, if not through.

Her eyes caught movement on the ground, another parasite. She already had many on her and while they had made her strong, made her more comfortable in the alien atmosphere, they were... a burden. She wanted to shake them all off, but instead she found herself picking up the parasite, recognizing their value to her cause. Its weight and tentacles caressing her fingers were familiar. She placed it near her lower back and then a nibble, sharp bite and it settled down against her. She felt a surge of energy and pressed on. She might not make it out of here, but she'd take these parasites as far as she could.

The further she got, more uncomfortable, more ill-fitting her suit suddenly got. Sweat, she concluded and loosened the fasteners without a second thought and chilly air under her suit felt comforting, even while the suit's systems blared red warning light.

As running and fighting her way through the enemies got more difficult, she sought cover and sat down to rest. She tried to adjust her space suit, but instead ended up opening her bodysuit under it which had gotten tight and wet around her chest. Her breasts came unbound under the suit, way bigger and heavier than she remembered them ever being. She immediately realized she had been lactating. Since when, she wondered. Her bottom felt equally wet and when she tried it, she found her clitoris engorged and erect, her underpants drenched with her liquids.

The red warning light blinked on her visor, warning of dangerous drop in O2-levels in her suit, but she ignored it, not experiencing any problems in her breathing. In fact, it felt easier, like she had been breathing through a mask or filter this entire time.

It wasn't the only active warning her suit was giving her, but none of them didn't feel urgent, she barely skimmed what they read as she was mesmerized by what her body had turn into.

She touched the body she didn't recognize from the outside any more, but knew was her own. The parasites hugged her tightly and now in the moment of quiet she could feel them moving inside her, probing, entrusting their offspring in her and the companionship warmed her.

Suddenly she caught herself rubbing her clitoris, completely lost in how sensitive it was and how every stroke sent stars through her spine. A moment of clarity filled her and with terror she looked at her fingers, absolutely drenched from touching herself, she didn't even know she could get so wet, and she found her other hand fondling her breast, teasing and spreading the nipple. Just like with the previous husks she encountered.

The astronaut felt panic rise from her throat and tried to calm her breathing so she could go through the suits warnings, which red blinking she had been blissfully ignoring for what must have been hours. She noticed that at some point more parasites had found their way to her. She had no idea when they had attached themselves to her and when she was about to jump to her feet and tear them off by force, she noticed she had let her guard way down.

She was staring up to a massive alien beast. Its eyeless face was staring right back at her and she had no doubt that a single wrong move would be the end of her as she was now. Earlier she might have taken that. Tried again, as unpleasant as it was. Now, however, she felt another instinct burning inside her belly, her whole body.

The alien beasts who were using the husks never killed them. The ones she had discovered were always still alive when she had ran into them, even if it seemed like the beasts had no use for them any more. They were be raped and their bodies were used relentlessly, but they survived. She spared no critical thought of how much you could call their present existence living or even surviving.

This, she thought instead, as she slowly laid down before the beast and spread her drenched legs to it. This is how we survive.

The beast snorted a huff of warm air and didn't hesitate to accept the invitation. In one moment it was before the astronaut, in the next is standing on her, pushing its thick, writhing organ inside her vagina. She watched her belly bulge from the intrusion and while she had been prepared for pain, there disturbingly was none. Instead her body seamlessly accepted the beast, opened and lubricated itself for it. It felt wrong how prepared her body was for this. It felt wrong how right the beast fit in her. She wasn't left a lot of time to ponder things over with as the beast picked up speed, the long tentacles on its back caressing her all over as it pound into her, each time spreading her impossibly wide.

The parasites already on her were burrowing deeper into her and like with the husk she had seen

before, they were going in wherever they could and she couldn't believe how happy it made her. They had helped her to come this far, it was only fair that they could use her body to breed and carry on their legacy.

The beast was filling her womb and as for the parasites, there was occupied with her ass, one on each breast. She had wondered how they had gotten inside the other husk and she felt relieved knowing they had felt so much pleasure. The last two were hugging her head and she could feel their thick ovipositors move their way into her ear canals. Impossible, she thought repeatedly till their pushed past a point no return and began pumping their tiny eggs to her brain. With each laid, she felt a memory replaced, a thought pattern rerouted, a worry forgotten. A gleeful grin snuck to her face and she latched her legs around the beast still filling her belly beyond ridiculous proportions. She would have begged it to go harder and deeper, but the beast was already doing its damnest and when she tried to say words, she could only moan.

In the bliss that was her present, she saw familiar movement at the corner of her eye. She turned her head slightly and saw a very familiar someone: herself with the spacesuit intact and way fewer parasites on her.

Huh, she wondered with the little mind she still had left, when did I cross the threshold...?

How long had I been here?

She saw the astronaut pull up her gun and point it at her. This evoked no emotion in her. She had already been of service to the parasites that helped her. Besides...

The astronaut lowered the gun with a pained looked in her eyes. Then she turned her back and ran away, leaving behind the husk who would mother many broods yet and who knew there was no one on this planet who wanted to kill her.

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